



Department of Music  
University of Alberta

## In Recital

**Michelle Wylie, soprano**

assisted by

**Corey Hamm, piano**

**Wednesday, February 9, 1994 at 8:00 pm**

Convocation Hall, Arts Building



## Program

Alma del core (1716)	Antonio Caldara (1670-1736)
Il mio bel foco	Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)
Per la gloria d'adorarvi (1722)	Giovanni Bononcini (1672-1750)
Come raggio di sol O del mio dolce ardor (1770)	Antonio Caldara Christoph W von Gluck (1714-1787)
Lachen und Weinen (1823) Frühlingsglaube (1822) Gretchen am Spinnrade (1814)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

## Intermission

Allerseelen (1885)	Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Die Nacht (1885)	
Zueignung (1885)	
Rêve d'Amour (1862)	Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)
Les berceaux (1879)	
Clair de lune (1887)	
Greek to me (1937)	Cole Porter (1891-1964)
Tale of the Oyster (1929)	
It's De-lovely (1936)	

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Wylie.

Ms Wylie is recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Undergraduate Awards.

## Texts and Translations

### Alma del core [Text: anonymous]

Alma del core,  
spirto dell'alma,  
sempre costante t'adorerò.

Sarò contento nel mio tormento  
se quel bel labbro baciare potrò.

### Il mio bel foco [Text: unknown]

Il mio bel foco,  
o lontano o vicino  
ch'esser poss'io,  
senza cangiar mai tempre,  
per voi care pupille,  
arderà sempre.

Quella fiamma che m'accende  
piace tanto all'alma mia  
che giammai s'estinguerà.

E se il fato a voi me rende,  
vaghi rai del mio bel sole,  
altra luce ella non vuole  
nè voler giammai potrà.

### Per la gloria d'adorarvi [Text: P Rolli]

Per la gloria d'adorarvi  
voglio amarvi o luci care.

Amando penerò;  
ma sempre v'amerò,  
sì sì nel mio penare,  
Penerò, v'amerò, luci care.

Senza speme di diletto  
vano affetto è sospirare;  
ma i vostri dolci rai,  
chi vagheggiar può mai  
e non v'amare?

### Come raggio di sol [Text: unknown]

Come raggio di sol,  
mite e sereno,  
sovra placidi flutti si riposa  
mentre del mare nel profondo seno  
sta la tempesta ascosta,  
così riso talor gaio e pacato  
di contento,  
di gioia un labbro infiora,  
mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato  
s'angoscia e si martora.

### Soul of My Heart

Soul of my heart,  
spirit of my soul,  
always constant, I will adore you.

I shall be happy in my torment  
if I shall be able to kiss those beautiful lips.

### My Beautiful Fire

My beautiful fire,  
either distant or near  
that I may be  
without ever changing,  
for you, dear eyes,  
will always burn.

That flame which sets me on fire  
pleases my soul so much  
that it will never extinguish itself.

And if fate returns me to you,  
lovely rays of my beautiful sun,  
my soul does not desire any other light,  
nor will it ever want any other.

### For the Glory of Adoring You

For the glory of adoring you  
I want to love you, O dear eyes.

Loving you I will suffer;  
but always I will love you,  
yes yes in my suffering.  
I will suffer, I will love you, dear eyes.

Without hope of pleasure  
it is a vain affection to sigh;  
but your sweet glances,  
who can admire them  
and not love you?

### As a Ray of Sun

As a ray of sun,  
mild and serene,  
rests upon the placid waves  
while in the profound bosom of the sea  
the tempest remains hidden,  
so laughter sometimes gay and peaceful  
with contentment,  
with joy touches the lips,  
while in its secret depths the wounded heart  
suffers anguish and martyrdom.

O del mio dolce ardor [Text: R de Calzabigi]

O del mio dolce ardor bramato oggetto  
l'aura che tu respiri,  
al fin respiro.

Ovunque il guardo io giro  
le tue vaghe sembianze  
amore in me dipinge:  
il mio pensier si finge  
le più liete speranze;  
e nel desio che così m'empie il petto  
cerco te chiamo te  
spero e sospiro.

Lachen und Weinen [Text: Ruckert]

Lachen und Wieren zu jeglicher Stunde  
Ruh bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde,  
Morgens lacht ich vor Lust,  
Und warum ich nun weine  
Bei des Abendes Scheine,  
Is mir selb' nicht bewusst.

Weinen und Lachen zu jeglicher Stunde  
Ruh bei der Lieb auf so mancherlei Grunde.  
Abends weint ich vor Schmerz;  
Und warum du erwachen  
Kannst am Morgen mit Lachen,  
Muss ich dich fragen, o Herz.

Frühlingsglaube [Text: Uhland]

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,  
Sie säuseln und wehen Tag und Nacht,  
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.  
O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!  
Nun, armes Herz, sei nicht bang.  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag,  
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,  
Das Blühen will nicht enden;  
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal:  
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!  
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Gretchen am Spinnrade [Text: Goethe]

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
und nimmermehr.

Of my Sweet Ardor

O desired object of my sweet ardor,  
the air which you breathe,  
I breathe at last.

Wherever I turn my glance  
your lovely features  
love paints for me:  
my thoughts imagine  
the most happy hopes;  
and in the longing which fills my bosom  
I seek you, I call you,  
I hope and sigh.

Laughter and Tears

Laughter and tears, at whatever hour,  
are founded, in love, on so many things.  
In the morning I laughed for joy,  
and why I now weep  
in the evening glow  
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter, at whatever hour,  
are founded, in love, on so many things.  
At evening I wept for grief;  
and why you can awake  
at morn with laughter,  
that I must ask you, O heart.

Spring Faith

Gentle breezes are awake,  
murmuring, stirring night and day,  
everywhere active, creative.  
Oh fresh fragrance, oh new sounds!  
Now, poor heart, be not afraid.  
Now must all things, all things change.

Daily the world grows fairer,  
what may yet come, we do not know,  
to blooming there is no end;  
the farthest, deepest valley blooms:  
now, poor heart, forget your torment.  
Now must all things, all things change.

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace is gone,  
my heart is sore,  
never shall I find  
peace ever more.

### Gretchen am Spinnrade (continued)

Wo ich ihn nicht hab,  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Where he is not,  
there is my grave,  
all the world  
to me is gall.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

My poor head  
is crazed,  
my poor wits  
destroyed.

Nach ihm nur schau ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Only for him I gaze  
from the window,  
only for him I go  
from the house.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein'edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

His superior walk,  
his noble air,  
his smiling mouth,  
his compelling eyes.

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!

And his words—  
their magic flow,  
the press of his hand,  
and ah, his kiss!

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,

My heart craves  
for him,  
oh, to clasp  
and to hold,

Und küssen ihn,  
So wie ich wollt,  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt!

and kiss him  
just as I liked,  
and in his kisses  
pass away!

### Allerseelen [Text: H von Gilm]

Stell auf den Tisch die duftenden Reseden  
Die letzten roten Astern trag herbei,  
Und lass uns wieder von der Liebe reden,  
Wie einst im Mai.

### All Souls' Day

Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes,  
bring in the last red asters,  
and let us speak of love again,  
as once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich sie heimlich drücke  
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist es einerlei,  
Gib mir nur einen deiner süßen Blicke,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand to press in secret,  
if people see, I do not care;  
give me but one of your sweet looks,  
as once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut auf jedem Grabe,  
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den Toten frei,  
Komm an mein Herz, dass ich dich wieder habe,  
Wie einst im Mai.

Each grave today has flowers, is fragrant,  
for one day of the year the dead are free,  
come close to my heart, and so be mine again,  
as once in May.

**Die Nacht** [Text: M von Gilm]

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,  
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,  
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,  
Nun gib acht.

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,  
Alle Blumen, alle Farben  
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben  
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,  
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,  
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms  
Weg has Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,  
Rucke näher, Seel an Seele;  
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle  
Dich mir auch.

**Zueignung** [Text: H von Gilm]

Ja, du weisst es, teure Seele,  
dass ich fern von dir mich quale,  
Liebe macht die Herzen krank,  
habe dank.

Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher,  
hoch den Amethysten-Becher  
und du segnetest den Trank,  
habe Dank.

Und beschworst darin die Bösen,  
bis ich, was ich nie gewesen,  
heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank,  
habe Dank!

**Reve d'Amour** [Text: V Hugo]

S'il est un charmant gazon  
Que le ciel arrose,  
Où naisse en toute saison  
Quelque fleur éclosé,  
Où l'on cueille à pleine main  
Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin,  
J'en veux faire le chemin  
Où ton pied se pose.

S'il est un sein bien aimant  
Dont l'honneur dispose,  
Dont le tendre dévouement  
N'ait rien de morose,  
Si toujours ce noble sein  
Bat pour un digne dessein,  
J'en veux faire le coussin  
Où ton front se pose

**The Night**

Night steps from the wood,  
slips softly from the trees,  
gazes about her in a wide arc,  
now beware.

All this world's lights,  
all flowers, all colours  
she extinguishes, and steals the sheaves  
from the field.

All that is fair she takes,  
the silver from the stream,  
from the cathedral's copper roof  
the gold.

Plundered stands the bush,  
draw closer, soul to soul;  
oh, the night, I fear, will steal  
you, too, from me.

**Dedication**

Yes, dear soul, you know,  
away from you I'm in torment,  
love makes hearts sick,  
have thanks.

Once I, drinker of freedom, held  
high the amethyst goblet  
and you blessed that draught,  
have thanks.

And you drove out from it the evil ones,  
till I, as never before,  
holy, sank holy upon your heart,  
have thanks!

**Dream of Love**

If there is a lovely lawn  
Watered by the sky,  
Where in every season is born  
Some blossoming flower,  
Where one gathers freely  
Lily, woodbine and jasmine,  
There I want to make a path  
For your feet to tread.

If there is a loving breast  
Wherein honor dwells,  
Where a tender devotion  
Never is morose,  
If this noble breast always  
Beats for a worthy aim,  
I will make of it the pillow  
Where your head can rest.

### Reve d'Amour (continued)

S'il est un rêve d'amour  
Parfumé de rose,  
Où l'on trouve chaque jour  
Quelque douce chose,  
Un rêve que Dieu bénit,  
Où l'âme à l'âme s'unit  
Oh, j'en veux faire le nid  
Où ton cœur se pose.

### Les berceaux [Text: Prudhomme]

Le long du quai, les grands vaisseaux,  
Que la houle incline en silence.  
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux  
Que la main des femmes balance,  
Mais viendra le jour des adieux,  
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,  
Et que les hommes curieux  
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent!  
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,  
Fuyant le port qui diminue,  
Sentent leurs masse retenue  
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

### Clair de lune [Text: P Verlaine]

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmants masques et bergamasques,  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques,  
Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur,  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,  
Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

If there is a dream of love  
With the scent of roses,  
Where one finds every day  
Something that is sweet,  
A dream blessed by the Lord,  
Where two souls unite,  
Oh, I will make of it the nest  
Where your heart will rest.

### The Cradlesong

Along the quays, the large ships,  
Rocked silently by the surge  
Do not heed the cradles  
Which the hands of the women rock,  
But the day of farewells will come,  
For the women are bound to weep,  
And the inquisitive men  
Must dare the horizons that lure them!  
And on that day the large ships,  
Fleeing from the vanishing port,  
Feel their bulk held back  
By the soul of the far away cradles.

### Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape  
Where charming masquerades and dancers are promenading.  
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost  
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises.  
While singing in the minor key  
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.  
They seem not to believe in their happiness,  
And their song blends with the moonlight,  
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely.  
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming.  
And makes the fountains sob with ecstasy.  
The tall slim fountains among the marble statues.